CREMATION IN ASIA.

How the Yellow Mongolian and His Black-Skinned Brethren

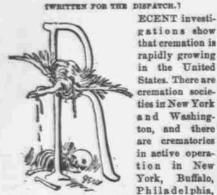
BURN AND BURY THE DEAD.

An Interesting Chat With a Japanese Funeral Director.

THE PARSES TOWERS OF SILENCE.

How More Than Half the World Dispose of Their Dead-Funerals in Slam Which Cost a Million-Horrible Scenes at Bangkok-Cremation in India-Prices Paid by Japanese Buddhists for Being Burned-Five Thousand Dollars for a Chinese Coffin-Mourning in Koren-

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



exemution sociaties in New York and Washington, and there are crematories in active operation in New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis

and Los Angeles. All of these institutions have been opened within the last three years, and the one at New York cremates hundreds yearly. Without doubt more than 1,000 persons have been cremated in this country since the building of the crematory at Washington, Pa., and those who desire such a means of decomposition are said to be on the rapid increase. The home of cremation is in the East.

Siam disposes of most of its bodies in this way, and I saw dozens of corpses frying and sizzling on the banks of the Ganges. I similing on the banks of the Ganges. I wisited a great crematory in Japan, where towers are great, white buildings of block granite, 25 feet high and 2,300 feet in diameter. Each is built around a central well, and the bodies are laid on the top walls, which incline inward, so that the tended a big cremation in Burmah. This Japanese crematory was on the edge of Kiota. In going to it I drove through the streets of shops fitted with the beautiful blue china for which that city is so noted, and out through fields of rice and tea to a large brick building on the side of a hill. As I went I passed many funeral processions, consisting of stalwart Japs in blue gowns and bowl hats, four of whom carried a box swang on a pole which rested upon



Pauper Cremation, Banakok corpse. These coffins were about 4 feet long, 2 feet wide and 4 feet high. They were made of thin white pine unpainted and unthrown away at the time of the burning of

A JAPANESE CREMATORY.

The crematory itself looked much like an American engine room, the furnaces might have been made in America, and they were built so that they opened into an aisle running around a large room. Wood was piled at their doors and a furious draught sucked the air into their mouths, and the great flames roared as they are up the human fuel which was piled in the vaults above them. building but I could hear the crackling and ning could be plainly seen. A holloweyed, bald-headed ghoul presided over them, and he stirred up the fires as he chatted with me in regard to his business.
"We have, he said, first, second and third

class cremations, and we graduate our rates according to the age of the body. A man or woman can be burned here in first-class style for \$2 40. We will give either a good second-class burning for \$1 25, and we can send a man off in very respectable style for a \$1. Children under 3 years are burned according to the class, for \$1, 75 cents or 60 cents, and boys and girls from 3 to 12 years of age are burned for from \$1.50 to 75 cents of age are burned for from \$1.50 to 75 cents apiece. We burn the bodies as soon as they come in, and we average at least ten cremations a day. We give the bone ashes to the families of the dead after the cremation is over, and they take them away and bury hem in their family tombs." CHEAPER TO LIVE.

Siam is a land of cremation. It costs more money to die here than to live, and the funerals of our Congressmen, which are paid for at extravagant rates by the Government, cost but little in comparison with that of the Siamese noble. When a king dies in Siam the whole nation takes part in the funeral, and a million dollars and upward are sometimes spent in the turning of the royal embalmed body into ashes. The last Queen, who died at Bangkok was seated in a golden urn for a number of months after her death, and the foreign merchants in Siam bought thousands of dollars' worth of goods from Europe and China for the King to give as presents to those who came to the funeral. A great temple or palace, with roofs covered with gilt paper, was built as her bier, and the funeral car was overlaid with pure gold and set with jewels. This car was six stories high, and it was surrounded by tiers of golden umbrellas. All the foreign diplomats attended the burning. and there was a tiger fight, a lion dance an a tournament among the celebrations. The King lighted the fire at 6 P. M., and he King lighted the are at or. M., and he gave presents of gold and silver, as well as a dinner to the most noted of the mourners. It took a full week to perform the ceremonies, and at the close the sahes were taken

in a royal barge and strewn upon the waters of the Menam river. Every man in Siam has as good a burning as his purse will buy, but few are able to undertake the expense of building a palace in which to be burned. The average cremation takes place on a pile of wood laid cross-

The most horrible of funerals are those of the very poor of Bangkok. The bodies of these are taken to a temple known as the Wat Sah Kate. Imagine an inclosure of many acres, filled with bushes and whispering palms, at the feet of which are piles of coffins, and along the roots of which skulls are lying. Enter this garden if you dare. There are no men to stop you, and you wander in and out through the trees snarled at by lean, hungry looking dogs, until at last you come to a number of low brick buildings. Here you will meet a lean, toothless, parchment-skinned old hag who has hair as

you come to a number of low brick buildings. Here you will meet a lean, toothless, parchment-skinned old hag who has hair as white and stiff as the bristles of a Chester white pig, and who smiles at you through her toothless gums, and with long, withered fingers beckons you in. I remember her well, and I still see her in my dreams. Vultures by the hundreds sit upon the trees over her, and as you go in, you hear the snarling of dogs. You look toward them, they are fighting over the half eaten bodies of men, and the vultures swooping down, flap their wings vultures swooping down, flap their wings and attempt to seize a part of the prey. Beand attempt to seize a part of the prey. Be-sides the bloody corpses are a mass of half dried skulls and the odd legs and arms of the day before, and the old woman laughs through her toothless gums as she points you to them. Some of the Buddhists believe that their chance of Nirvana or



Heaven is better in case they give their bodies to the vultures, and some of these bodies have been dedicated in this way. Others, are, as I have said, those of very poor people, who cannot afford the cost of

There is at Bombay a colony of about 70,-000 Parsees, and they, men, women and chil-dren, give their bodies to the vultures. They are fireworshipers, and they say that fire is too sacred to be defiled with a dead body, and they believe the work of the worms is too slow and too vile. I visited the Towers of Silence at Bombay, on the top of which all dead Parsees are laid, and where their bodies are left for the vultures. rain will wash the bones and juices down into the well. Each well has drains running off into the sea, and each is half filled with charcoal. On the top of each of these

sowns and bowl hats, four of whom carried a box swing on a pole which rested upon their shoulders. This box was much like a child's playbouse, and it had its roof and its curtained windows. I was told that it was a coffin, and that each party carried a was a coffin, and that each party carried a company to the proper party carried a company to the surround-ing was in blossom and the surr garden a Parsee inneral came, and these birds rose in the air and swooped down upon the tower upon which the naked Parsee baby was laid. There were 600 of them, and they live entirely off the flesh of dead and they live entirely off the flesh of dead Parsees. They strip a skeleton of every shred of flesh in two hours, and the bones are left under the sun to dry. A day or two later they are pushed down into the well, where they decompose under the purifying into the sharcoal. The Parsees along the strip to the sharcoal that his father may have a ghostly feast during the night. they are pushed down into the well, where they are pushed down into the well, where they decompose under the purifying influences of the charcoal. The Parsees always walk to their funerals. They are the all doubled up when it is squeezed into the richest and brightest merchants of the East, richest and brightest merchants of the East, richest and difference shown as to their.

morrow's meal off of Lazarus.

FUNERALS IN INDIA. I saw many cremations among the Hin-doos, and I attended not a few funerals in India. The bodies were generally carried on the shoulders of men, without coffins, and covered with cloths. In some cases a band covered with cloths. In some cases a band accompanied the procession, and the burnings were in general very simple. At Calcutta they fook place in unrooted sheds on the banks of the Hoogley, but the fires were built on the ground and a little hole was socoped out below them to make a draught. At Benares the cremations took place in the open air, and after the body had burned to shest the sakes and hones remaining was ashes the ashes and bones remaining were dragged down into the river. The undertakers of India belong to the dome or thief caste. These preside over the funerals and sell the wood and light the fires used in cremations. They break the elbows, wrists, knee and ankle joints before cremating the body, and at Calcutta the body is placed on



the fire with the face downward. It is covered with ghee, or clarified butter, to make it burn, and the wood used varies with the cost of the funeral. A rich man will send his soul to heaven with sandal wood, while

a poor man takes what he can buy.

The domes sell everything connected with the cremation, and to be chief dome of a big city is a money-making position. One of the richest men in Benares is the head of the undertakers, and he has made his money in this way. There is a regular charge for burning, and the ordinary cost of a crema-tion is less than \$2. Funerals in India are, however, very expensive, and presents are given away by the nearest relatives of the deceased to those who come to the funeral.

A Rajah of Calcutta not long ago spent \$250,000 in burning his father, and rich families often spend as high as \$100,000 in

this sort of fireworks. THE GARB OF SORROW.

White is the morning garb throughout the far East. The Hindoo sor whose father dies must not shave nor wear aboes or ahirts or anything except a piece of white cloth dur-ing the period of mourning. You see China-men dressed in white moving among the gally dressed throngs of every Chinese city. And when a Chinaman is in mourning he braids white silk into his hair, and his even the relief of his above resided white. We ways, and after it is over the bones are gath- | the soles of his shees painted white. He en-

relics.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

The most horrible of funerals are those of the very poor of Bangkok. The bodies of these are taken to a temple known as the Wat Sah Kate. Imagine an inclosure of many acres, filled with bushes and whisperhe does this for three years. At the end of that time he puts on garments of a modified color, and writes on his visiting cards the word tam, which means my grief is not so

word tam, which means my grief is not so bitter as before.

The Chinese, and in fact all nations of the Orient, are more rigid as to their terms of mourning than we are. The Chinaman who would not put on mourning for his father would be arrested, and in Korea a man is expected to clothe himself in yellow sackcloth and trot around the country under a hat as big as a dishpan, holding a fan before his face, for three years after the death of any near relative. During this time he can do no business, cannot engage in marcan do no business, cannot engage in mar-riage, nor attend any festivities. Chinamen do not go to theaters during their mourning period, and the law, to a certain extent, regulates the mourning customs of Japan. Dur-ing mourning, the leading officials of many of the countries have the right to resign, and not long ago Li Hung Chang, the great Viceroy, asked to be excused from his du-ties as Premier of the Chinese Empire in or-der that he might go off and mourn for his mother.

MOURNING IN JAPAN. When a King dies in Siam the whole When a King dies in Siam the whole nation, men, women and children, are supposed to shave their heads, and a Japanese widow often keeps her head shaved after the death of her husband. The Chinese neither shave nor cut their hair during the first period of mourning. If a man dies his widow and children are supposed to sit on the floor instead of chairs for the first seven days, and at night they must sleep on mats spread on the ground near the coffin, instead of in their beds. They are not supposed to do any cooking in the house, and they rely of in their beds. They are not supposed to do any cooking in the house, and they rely on the food sent in by the neighbors. They attempt to take away every comfort from themselves, and they turn their pictures with their faces toward the wall, and cover up all of the house's ornaments.

up all of the house's ornaments.

The heaviest wooden coffins used in the world are those of the Chinese, and coffin making is one of the leading industries of every Chinese city. Coffins cost all the way from \$5 to \$5,000, and your rich mandarin will have his burial casket lacquered inside and out, and his funeral will cost a small fortune. If he is over 60 he will keep his coffin on hand, so as to have it ready in case of his death, and if he has a dutiful son this coffin may possibly be a birthday gift from the boy. Many an old Chinaman keeps his coffin in his parlor, though he does not sleep in it, as Sara Bernhardt is said to sometimes do in here. The wood of the Chinese coffin is from four to six inches thick, and a coffin weighs hundreds of pounds. It is usually carried on a sort of frame work of poles to the grave, and it is frame work of poles to the grave, and it is accompanied by a band of music and professional mourners. The man is laid at full length within it and a lot of stuff is buried with it. Each of his nearest relatives is supposed to bring a silk coverlet to put over the body, and a dozen silk quilts are sometimes packed in above the corpse. The thing that the corpse liked most in life is build alith. is buried with him, and many Chinamen save the parings of their nails and the combings of their hair in order that they may be put at their feet when they lie in their coffins. In the mouth of the body a piece of gold, silver or copper is placed. It is dressed in silk and is often decked with jewels. Grave robbing is so severely panished in Japan that there is little danger

the coffins being dug up. A CHINESE DILEMMA. In case the family is too poor to own enough money to bury it. Before he picks out a burial spot he will, like all Chinamen, get a fortune teller to choose a lucky place for him, and he will go periodically

richest and brightest merchants of the East, but there is no difference shown as to their condition at funerals. The corpses of the rich as well as the poor lie naked on these towers of silence, the bones of all going to the same reservoir, and the vultures who to-day feed on the flesh of Dives make their confine and the coffine are broken with the coffine are bro offins, and the coffins are broken with the spade of the undertaker as he puts them in the earth. The Burmese coffin is a flimsy affair, made of the lightest wood nailed roughly together. In the case of the richer dead it is covered with gilt paper, and it is carried to the grave with fantastic dances and doleful music. The funeral ceremonies are much the same as those of the Chinese and for seven days after the burial the family sit upon the ground and sleep upon mats. All over the East the same mortifica-tion of the flesh is practiced by the relations of the dead, and grief for departed friends is fully as bitter in Asia as in the United FRANK G. CARPENTER.

CLOTHES FOR ANIMALS.

Why Live Stock Should Have Warm Garments in Cold Weather. Washington Post. 1

"It might sound very odd to most people when a suggestion is made that horses and stock generally should wear clothes," said M. P. Key, the agent of the Humane Society, "but that is one of the innovations that is sure to be reached in time. In Norway they now have their cattle graze while covered with blankets yet we in the United States ignore such methods of producing good results in the treatment of stock. A cow that has been giving a liberal supply of milk during the summer, will continue giving the same quantity if, when the chill air of Jansame quantity it, when the chili air of Jan-uary comes along, she is kept warm, but if that is not done, the supply will fall off. There is a livery stable keeper in this town who declared to me some time ago that he believed that horses should wear night shirts, and that they would be just as beneficial to them as they are to meu."
"What are the styles of clothing that you

"They should be made warm enough to keep them comfortable from the time cold weather sets in until it has passed, and should be made to fit the animals for which they are intended."

WAITING FOR THE SOUP TO COOL, The Remarkable Intelligence Shown by

Clever Eastern Dog. Who says a dog has not intelligence? A Gardiner lady set a dish of soup out in her yard the other day to cool. The dish was very hot, but had a handle. The house dog soon came along to the dish, lured by the fascinating fragrance, contemplated the con-tents long enough to find that it was his favorite soup, then taking the handle be-tween his teeth, he backed off several rods very carefully, pulling the dish after him to a place which he considered both cooler and more sequestered.

and more sequestered.

He waited for the broth to cool, devoured it with infinite relish, then dragged the dish back to the spot where he found it.

Out at sea a ship occasionally heaves in sight, but a seasiek passenger prefers to heave out of sight.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Things to be Thought of Before Young People Become Engaged.

SOME CAUSES OF BROKEN YOWS.

Famous English Novelist's Advice to - Young Lovers.

DANGER OF HAPHAZARD ENGAGEMENTS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LONDON, November 15 .- Probably the custom most discreditable, in the estimation of foreigners, to English social life is the legal right of a jilted lover to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against the faithless fiance.

A more degraded feature of sordid imbecility cannot well be imagined than the scene presented at the trial of such a case, where the claims for compensation in hard cash, for wounded feeling, are supported by the reading aloud of mawkish letters teeming with silly pet names and terms of endearment amid the laughter of the listeners. Such scenes are the result of a certain in-

definiteness in our social code which, if it entails some inconvenience, at least leaves us free from that grandmotherly legislation which, while striving to provide for all poswhich, white series, only forges fetters for its unfortunate subjects, cramping the muscles which might otherwise enable them to "pad-dle their own canoes" successfully into

smooth waters.

Promises of marriage, therefore, of a certain class bristle with dangers neither few nor far between; but with these we have no

concern.

The "promises" of which we treat affect persons to whom the law can give no relief, and to whom publicity means purgatory.

Here, too, the difficulties are great, for though, in the eyes of all honorable men and women, no promise can or ought to be more sacred than a serious undertaking to marry, so long as a pair are not absolutely "joined together in holy matrimony" just and sufficient causes for breaking the preliminary promise may arise.

SOME GOOD REASONS. The discovery of circumstances willfully concealed on either side which may affect concealed on either side which may affect character or fortune, double dealing, the display of evil tempers, of seeming indiffer-ence, or of any ingredient in nature or dis-position which would certainly militate against future happiness when the inextri-cable knot is tied, ought between serious and candid people to supply sufficient reasons for breaking off an engagement.

Of course the heart of the seceder can

for course the heart of the secener can filone know the sincerity of the motives alleged. Of this, however, there can be no doubt, that many a life might be saved from all-pervading bitterness had one or other of an engaged pair had the courage and high principle to avow the doubts besetting him

Where one is obstinately attached and the other keen to perceive defects and drawbacks the suffering and difficulty are enormously

increased.

The fact is, however, that the more serious and candid lovers are, the less chance there is of their being acted upon by disintegrating influences. They do not rush in heedlessly where angels might well fear to tread. The most cruel cause of broken yows is the variation of human fancy or affection, for this rarely arises through any fault on the side of the forsaken one; and here at the first cultaring hypeth of preference for an analysis of the side of the forsaken one; and here at the first cultaring hypeth of preference for an analysis of the side of the forsaken one; and here at the first cultaring hypeth of preference for an analysis of the side of the forsaken one; and here at the first cultaring hypeth of preference for an analysis of the side of the forsaken one; and here at the first cultaring hypeth of preference for an analysis of the side of the ing influences. They do not rush in heedlessly where angels might well fear to tread.

The most cruel cause of broken vows is
the variation of human fancy or affection,
for this rarely arises through any fault on
the side of the forsaken one; and here at the
first quivering breath of preference for another, any good man or woman would crush
out the intrusive, inconstant suggestion.
Though no easy task, an bonest heart and
resolute will can trample down temptation
and keep unsullied faith toward him or her
to whom faith is due.

The best preservative against broken promises is deliberation in giving them and rapidity in making them irrevocable by the final marriage vows. So much can be en-dured, so much is endurable, when we know there is no way of escape, that the "fast-and-loose" period of a long engagement cannot be too earnestly avoided

HAPHAZARD ENGAGEMENTS. On the contrary, a long acquaintance previous to marriage is a great advantage; familiarity with each other's character, tastes, family, circumstances (which latter never fail to color our lives), forms an admirable concrete on which to build the foundations of married life, and the most

lasting loves are those which are supported by the girders of friendship.

Indeed, glancing round at the hapharard way in which the all-important and fateful relationship of marriage is undertaken, the impression of all sane persons must be amazement that the failures are not far more nu-

Of all daring leaps into the unknown, this is the most daring. No one, not the most profound student of character, can cal-culate on results of a marriage. Matrimony is the most potent touchstone. It draws forth the best and the worst—all

that has lain dormant in the heart. We have known excellent sons, brothers, friends, who have made most unpleasant husbands. Just think of what human nature is-its weakness, its variability, its jealousy, its ineradicable selfishness, also its affection, its need of sympathy—ay, even its capacity for self-sacrifice, and then think of two poor souls endowed unequally with these quali-ties chained together in life! How ardent must be the flame that can keep them in a

happy state of fusion!

Nor does the most ardent ante-nuptial fervor or even constancy ensure post-nuptial happiness. A few instances rise in our nory where men have waited and begged and besought for years, have finally been accepted, and alas! estrangement and divorce followed.

"The lovely toy so fiercely sought Has lost its charm by being caught!" Again, a pair as unlike and unsuited as possible in the judgment of onlookers meet at rout or ball, garden party, race course or country house. After haif a dozen interviews they discover they are indispensable to each other. He is perhapsgoing to India, Japan, or Australia. Her family may wish to winter in Rome, Vienna, or St. Petershure. So, attar a month's acquaintance. burg. So after a month's acquaintance they marry and "live happy" all their

Some occult sympathy, some subtle, moral chemistry ruses their separate existences

Almost the happiest marriages we have known have been between lads and lassies who had sat aide by side on the same forms and learned out of the same books in the old parish schools, which served so well to equip the boys of bonny Scotland for the battle of life in the pre-board school days.

Having mastered arithmetic, book-keeping, and the initial steps of 's soond clawssical edication," Sandy sallied forth north, south, east or west to conquer fortune, and generally succeeded.

Then the image of Janet or Jessie, his schoolmate, which had never quite faded from his memory, grew clear, vivid, attainable, and a rapid run home or a loving letter and generous remittance brought abuot a union of hearts and lives to the lasting benefit of society and the individual.

Between the conflicting evidence supplied by experience it is difficult to strike a balance. In matrimony, as in preaching, "God HAPPY MARRIAGES.

by experience it is difficult to strike a hal-ance. In matrimony, as in preaching, "God gives a different gift to each," and it is im-possible to recommend one line of conduct above another; but deep down in the sources may be cultivated such qualities as justice, self-respect, regard for the feelings of oth-ers, loyalty, truth, and by their fruits shall life be happy, or noble, or both. And to our eisters by nature impulsive and impression-able we would whisper that there is no qual-

ity men prize and cling to so much

"Fallen oberuh! to be weak is miserable, Doing or suffering."

An undoubted truth, though spoken by the

Father of Lies.

There is certainly no fairer ideal than the union of two young creatures linked by true, teuder, unseifish love, dashed with the salt of passion, clothed with fair illusions not all unfounded respecting each other's nobility and loveliness, and strengthened by the bulwork of hearty comradeship, facing life's battle hand in hand, and growing in affection as they grow in complete ing in affection as they grow in com knowledge of each other's imperfection

well as virtues.

This is a rare case, as excellence must always be; yet, thank God, not quite "fancy's sketch."

THE ENIGMA OF LIFE. Even in the suck of life, among its roughs and Welshers, God's eye can see how many are left "of knees that have not bowed to the Baal of worldliness, and lips that have not kissed him."

Baal of worldliness, and lips that have not kissed him."

On the whole, there is truth, though not invariable truth, in the proverb, "Marry in hasse and repent at leisure." The masses will always be heedless and improvident; but while we deprecate this, we ought not to forget that the prudent profit by their recklessness; their failures fill up the trenches which we must cross, and make bridges whereby we may pass dry-shed to increased ease and wider outlook.

whereby we may pass dry-shed to increased ease and wider outlook.

Only by very slow degrees do we attain to the knowledge of those natural laws disobedience to which entails misery, disease and death. Awful enigma of litel which devours those who cannot solve it, and casts their bones at the feet of the charlatans who pretend to read the riddle, while they keep at a safe distance from the wonter's laws. pretend to read the riddle, while they keep at a safe distance from the monster's jaws.

What is the sum of this reverie on "Promises of Marriage?" Very littlel and that little may be epitomized in a sentence: "Be slow in making and faithful in keeping promises," Will any young persons "about to marry" or become engaged heed our words of wisdom? "I trow not;" yet we cast them on the waters, and though apparently of small effect, they may add their infinitesimal bulk to the slowly accumulating mass of opinion, as the tiny, filmy shells described by marine explorers, floating and slowly sinking in the vasty deep, serve to build up the sub-ocean ridges that are finally upheaved to form the cliffs against which the lawless waves dash themselves in vain.

MES, ALEXANDER.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS. Watching for Signs of Good and Evil

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season-extending from April to Octoberthey seep either upon the housetop or in the courtyard, or in the veranda if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at 5 o'clock or earlier in the morning. In the cold weather, when they sleep within doors, they rise late, but they are out before 7. Rising in the morning while but half awake the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. Happening to yawn, he immediately fillips his thumb and middle finger, though he does not know why. He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from the bitter Neem tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth and extemporizes a tooth brush. He next draws up water from the well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares hear the cawing of a crow, or the cry of a and thanks God that his long absent kite, or should he meet an oil man, or one home again. Ohl how they missed blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he how glad they are to have him back. blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day be-fore him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path, if he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious. Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way they return home, have a smoke, or chew a betel leaf, and proceed

IF YOU TOUCH ME I'LL TELL. A Wise Man Puts a Tell Tale on His

Whisky Bottle.

Boston Globe.1 "A few days before the election a little incident happened which mortified me deeply," said a business man to the writer. "It happened in this way," he continued. "You see, I had some business to transact with one of the candidates for the Legislawith one of the candidates for the Legislature, and, as it was something important, I was forced to go out to his house to see him. It was quite late when I arrived there, and I guess he had gone to bed. At any rate the servant who opened the door showed me into the parior to wait for his master. I was obliged to wait some time, and while doing this I amused myself looking at the pictures and other ornaments about the room. On the center table, among books and other brica-brac, stood a hig fancy decanter filled with liquor which looked like whisky. It was a curious lookfancy decanter filled with liquor which looked like whisky. It was a curious looking decanter, and on one side was some fancy lettering which I could not make out. Being rather curious to find out what it said I lifted the decanter up from the table and tipped it up so that the light fell on the lettering. It said: "If you touch me I'll tell."

"Curious, wasn't it? But sure enough it did tell, for I had scarcely had time to read did tell, for I had scarcely had sime to read the lettering when my ears were greeted with the tones of 'Johnny, Get Your Gun.' There was a music box hidden in the bottom of the decenter, and when it is tipped the machinery starts and the music begins. of the decanter, and when it is tipped the machinery starts and the music begins.

"You can judge for yourself how surprised and chagrined I was, for I had never seen the master of the house before, and he would have a fine opinion of me for my meddling qualities. Right in the middle of the tune he walked into the parlor, and gave me a curious smile when he heard that make how. It seemed as if it would never music box. It seemed as if it would never stop. I tried to make some sort of an apol-ogy, but made a bull of it I know, though now I can't think for the life of me what I

id.
"He saw how confused I was and laughed the had it off, saying that it was an oddity he found in New York."

Dark Night in Lonelyville



First Suburban Citizen-Why, Petten-Second Suburban Citizen-I thought I'd

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By the REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., MARIAN WHITE.

THE ETHICAL PASSAGES OF THIS WORK ARE CONTRIBUTED BY DR. TALMAGE, AND THOSE PORTIONS INCLUDE THE LANGUAGE SPOKEN BY JOHN BERNAN. the go-between must be characterized by wisdom, tact and delicacy. You sometimes have seen a very good man go in and try to settle a dispute, and he has blundered in the matter, he has made a dreadful failure, and if there were ten degrees of violence before, after his work there were a hundred degrees of violence between the parties. There must be wisdom, tact and delicacy for a mediator.

TO COMPOSE A THANKSGIVING PARTY. OWEVER much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving Day there must be something bounted the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some

dom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. The family is reunited, we will say. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vaga-bond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sight-seeing, and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day, and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims a celebration. There is a calf in the paddock that has been

kept up and fed to utmost capacity so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah! There never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work, and



how glad they are to have him back. One brother indeed stands ponting at the back door and says, "This is a great ado about nothing; this bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted; veal is too good for him!" But the father says, "Nothing is too good, nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception; but with a shadow of sorrow fitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead and he is alive again! He was lost and he is he is alive again! He was lost and he is But the chairs at the Thanksgiving table

But the chairs at the Thankagiving table are not always so easily filled; and this story shall tell how the Hev. John Bernan and his daughter Mary undertook to compose a family party for last Thankagiving Day.

Mary Bernan was a fair-haired and blue-eyed girl, only a year past her graduation at Vassar; and now she was with her father in a New York boarding house, all in all to each other, for they had no near relatives. To be sure, there was Arthur Mulford, who might and might not become much to Mary. But of that later in this narrative.

"I wish we could have a real, genuine family Thankagiving dinner," Mary remarked to her father.

"There are families enough in my congregation," Mr. Bernan replied, "and plenty of dinners to which we might be welcome, but I don't think we can command exactly what you are longing for."

what you are longing for."

The clergyman sighed softly in memory of time when a wife had made a home for



him. Then he kissed his daughter fondly, and wondered whether she would, in her turn, he mistress of a household in which he could feel himself a proper occupant of a chair at a Thanksgiving dinner. The holidaday was only two weeks ahead, and it would not bring additional duties to the pastor, because the church edifice was being repaired, and sermon services were intermitted.

"Why not let's go to Madawaska for Thanksgiving?" Mary suddenly exclaimed.

"Where is that?" he asked. "It sounds like missionary service in the Sandwich Islands."

"No no, it is in the Adirondack region, "No, no, it is in the Adirondack region, close by Paulsmitts, where I spent a month last summer. My college chum, Martha Pierson, lives there, and I had a letter only yesterday beseeching me to come to her and bring you along. It is delightful up there in winter as well as summer, you know, and we would have a right good time. Besides—" and she stopped shorts.

"Besides," Well."

"Besides, a project flashes upon me. There's a chance—just the faintest glimmer of a chance—to bring an estranged family together for a Thankagiving dinner. Why not make the experiment—you and I?"

moned the legistee to his office to take possession of the property of the testator. It was on Saturday, and the town was fall of people. Toward evening Henry Pierson, who had just finished the business of his inheritance, entered a village cyster house. He took his seat at an unoccapied table and called for something to est. Davy Mulford was in the same restaurant for a meal:

"Well, there is one individual who has nothing to trouble him," remarked a lounger, referring to Pierson. I mea him not long ago at 'Squire Moore's office, getting the deeds to the old Homer tract. He is investing his new wealth promptly."

"Davy, with eyes dilated by wrath, locked fixedly at his cousin. Without removing his glance an instant, he forced his hearers to listen to an enumeration of insulting allusious and scarcely disguised abuse, the object of which it was easy to comprehend. Finally the exasperated heir interrupted him with:



tion. With one bound, so I was told, he rushed at the table of Pierson, disgorging in hot words all the anger which had been choking him. As his cousin, a rather council of the man and a motion as if to selse his cane, Davy attacked him with his two steut fists. After some moments of puglished exercise, poor Pierson was borne off the field, bruised and mangled, spitting out teath, and bleeding from the nose, mouth and same. They put the victim into the train and sent him home, though not until after he had made a complaint of the circumstances before a justice of the peace.

"Davy decidedly relieved by this performance, went home with a lighter heart than he had known for many aday.

"Do you know," said he to his brother, "that rascal Hank Pleasen has been after the old man's money to day, but I have just finished a little piece of work for him which he will have reason to remember."

"Arthur shranged his abounders. "A great gain you have made, too," he said. "You don't find him rich enough as he is, but you want to pay him damages, into the bargain. When people revenge themselves, my boy, they mustan't do things by halves." He didn't mean to incite Davy to revenge, I am sure, but I warned him, when he told me of it, that misshief might come of it. Well, Pleason had to keep to his room for some days, and did not appear outdoors and that the end of the following week; and that

Here Mary stopped, and gave a quick glance at her father; but if he discerned in her hesitancy any evidence of the girl's particular interest in Arthur Mulford he did not show it.

"And I'm sure he will succeed. But he

the invitation."
"Very well. We will go seifishly, for a holiday, but also with the good mission with the good We are to try to sest the thre

amicably at one Thanksgiving table?"

"Yes; but we must recognize the first that in order to accomplish successfully diplomacy there must be perseverance and determination smid all obstacles. If you have

PRACE OR WAR.

The journey of John Bernan and his They saw the panorams of scenery with a alike, they talked with harmonious amments, and, more than all, they were n seemed disposed to aid them during his lifetime, when all at once a stroke of spoplexy carried him off. The neighborhood shared the amazement of the Mullord boys on learning that he bequesthed all his property to his aiready well-to-do nephew, Henry Piersen. The latter alone felt no surprise. Prosperous people never are astocished when luck happens to augment their success. He calmly bought land that he had been coveting. He made no change in his steady habits, but continued to live in his house at Madawaska, an isolated building in the edge of the wilderness, and surrounded like a hermitage by a huge stone wall. This property was bounded on two of its sides by the roadway. Pierson used to go back and forth over this road to the railroad station and country store every day, leaning on his hickory ospe, and clad in his unalterable and singular costume, combining the Adirondacks woodsman and a city man. As to the Mulfrod brothers, the disinherited nephews, it would be understating the case to say that they were surprised. Their disappointment at once gave way to fory against their lucky cousin. Arthur is a big hot-tempered fellow and he loudly spoke his complaints and scenastions. He talked of intrigues, of inveiglement, in short of everything that can be said in such a case; and he threatened publicly to make it hot for Pierson; but his better nature, and good sense, soon silenced him, and he said no more in public about it."

Wobster."

"And Daniel Webster is Arthur's markets." Mary remark